

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

The good Shepherd giveth
his life for the sheep.
John 10:11

I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

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Haugen, Rev. A. K.
mar'43

Jesus increased in Wisdom and Stature



Chester A. Ronning, B.Sc., M. A.
Principal Camrose Lutheran College

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Professor Chester A. Ronning by the University of Alberta, May 19, 1942. His thesis was: "A Study of an Alberta Protestant Private School, The Camrose Lutheran College, a Residential High School." We take this opportunity to congratulate the Principal of our school.
—V.

To teach and train our Christian youth,
And give them rightful vision
By leading them into the truth
That fits them for life's mission;
Than this there is no nobler aim,
No worthier endeavor;
No service greater fruits can claim
For this life and forever.
C. K. Solberg.

Camrose Lutheran College

The thirty-first Annual Commencement of Camrose Lutheran College will be held on Friday, June 19. Forty-eight students are graduating. These are from the following classes:

Pre-Seminary	3
Commercial	12
Grade XII	33

The graduation service will be opened with a sacred concert by Camrose Lutheran College A Capella Choir of seventy-six members. The following anthems, arranged by F. Melius Christiansen will be rendered from the St. Olaf Choir Series:

O Bread of Life from Heaven,
Built on a Rock.
Deck Thyself my Soul.
Come Thou Savior of our Race.
All my Heart this Night Rejoices.
O Darkest Woe.
The Morning Star.
Now the Day is Over
(by Oscar Borg).

The College Male Chorus of 35 members will sing:
Comrades in Arms.
Mother O' Mine.

The class salutatorian is Ruth Steele of Rimby. The valedictorian is Everett Sage of Camrose. The Presenter and Presentee of the Key

of Wisdom will be Lawrence Wick of Kingman and Daniel Bergsagel of Kyle, Saskatchewan.

The Class President is Paul Rolseth of Armana, and the historians and prophets are: Stella Hafso, Elizabeth Wagner, Beatrice Link, Harold

Aasen, James Solheim, and Philip Carry.

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. A. H. Solheim, on Sunday June 14. The Alumni picnic and banquet is to be held Saturday, June 20.
—C.A.R.

Camrose Lutheran College



HISTORICAL SKETCH

The Camrose Lutheran College has been in operation for thirty-one years. It is a residential high school and business college. It offers the regular Alberta High School and Commercial courses as outlined by the Department of Education and prepares students for the Departmental recommendations and examinations. The College welcomes to its halls all young men and women who are serious about making their school life count for the most.

Camrose Lutheran College is operated by the Alberta Norwegian Lutheran College Association, a corporation of congregations of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada. The Association was organized on the 10th day of August, 1910, and incorporated by special Act of the Alberta Legislature in the spring of 1913.

The College commenced its first school year on the second day of October, 1911. As the association had as yet erected no building, temporary dormitory quarters were established in the Heather Brae House and classes were conducted in the United Lutheran and Hauge Synod churches. The cornerstone of the building now occupied by the College was laid July 1, 1911. The building was erected in the summer and fall of 1912, and was ready for occupancy at the opening of the second year of the school, October 21st, 1912.

The success which attended the College during its earlier years gave evidence of the courage and vision of its founders. The College soon became permanently established as an institution of real importance to the rapidly growing communities in Alberta today.

In recent years the College has been serving an ever widening geographic circle. Students come from hundreds of miles. The College building has been outgrown.
—From College Calender.

I cannot always see the way that leads to heights above
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on with hand of love:
But yet I know the path must lead me to Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know and understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course my ship must take;
But, looking backward, I behold afar its shining wake
Illumined with God's life of love, and so I onward go,
In perfect trust, that He who holds the helm, the course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which He builds my life,
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow, the noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows and oversees,
And that in all details, with His good plan my life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand the Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives in life's hard school;
But I am learning with His help to solve them, one by one,
And when I cannot understand, to say "Thy will be done."

MILESTONES

The dates 1843 and 1943 are significant to us as members and friends of our church. They are not only the milestones denoting the limits of a century, but they are, at the same time, the reminders of great labors and gracious blessings. They call to mind a sowing in tears and a reaping with joy. They awaken the wish to have these blessings continued and they suggest the resolution to put forth zealous efforts to do all in our power that others may reap in the future as we have reaped in the past and are reaping. In a word, these dates remind us of great things which the Lord has done, and they call for deeds of thanks and praise, — they mark the beginning and the closing of the first hundred years of the life and the work of our church.

The Lord has blessed the efforts of our fathers. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the provinces of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth our church has been spreading the glad tidings of salvation. The words of the 126th Psalm are surely true: "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." Glad some thanks swelled the heart of the psalmist with admiration and devotion and unsealed his lips to praise and thanksgiving. He could not look at the works of the Lord and remain unmoved.

So it is with us. One hundred years of blessings from God have moved our church and our people to gratitude. They are preparing to place a thankoffering on the Lord's altar in 1943 as an evidence of our thankfulness to Him for one hundred years of blessings. Your pledge to the Centennial indicates that you wish to have a part in this offering. We are very grateful to you. Your pledge is a sacred promise to the Lord and His church.

"Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High," says the Lord in Psalm 50. In these times of broken covenants and disregarded promises, bringing suffering and destruction upon the human race, we should be concerned about keeping all of our promises and paying all of our vows to the most High. Kindly do all in your power to redeem your Centennial pledge. We hope and pray that you may be able to do this NOW.

—Dr. A. J. Bergsaker.

Take Time to Pray

"The great people of the earth today are the people who pray—people who take time to pray. They have no time. It must be taken from something else. That something else is important, pressing, but still less important and pressing than prayer. There are people who put prayer first and group the other items in life's schedule around that after prayer. These are the people today who are doing the most for God in winning souls, in solving problems, in awakening churches, in supplying both men and money for mission posts, in keeping fresh and strong their lives far off in sacrificial service on the foreign field, where the thickest fighting is going on, and in keeping the old earth sweet a little while longer." —Better Leagues.

In favor with God and Men

The SHEPHERD — HYRDEN

Organ of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada.

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It has been our privilege to visit Camrose College several times since coming to Alberta, soon three years ago. This has been mainly in connection with the annual Consecration Week sponsored by the faculty and the Christian Service Group. The Christian Service Group, this last school year, has had the largest membership in its history. And God has blessed the efforts of the group.

We learned to love the singing periods at the College. At this time the students gather for choir rehearsal. The songs are well chosen, and thus the students are led into the best of choral singing. At the music festival in Edmonton, Alberta, in 1941 the Camrose Lutheran College Choir sang, "Built on a Rock," and "Wake, Awake the Night is Flying." The comment of the adjudicator was that it was "one of the best choirs in Canada."

One is conscious of a smooth-running and efficient administration of the College. A Student Council functions. It was with some surprise that we learned that the students had voted for increased time for supervised study! That speaks well for the administration of the school.

Should we even mention something as trivial as lunch before "lights out?" We believe we should. Just before the close of the activity of the day the students gather in the dining room for an evening snack of sandwiches and cocoa. There is something warm and friendly in these "family gatherings."

There are problems, of course, in connection with such an institution. To uphold a Christ-centered Education in a time such as this is not an easy matter. We commend this school to the prayers of the readers of the Shepherd. May Camrose Lutheran College, by the Grace of God, underscore in theory and practice that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

This issue of the Shepherd is a few days late due to waiting for the Bulletin of the General Convention of our Church, held in Minneapolis, Minn. Leaving the convention early we left instructions that the complete bulletin should be mailed at once. This has not yet reached us. For this reason the Convention report will appear in the first July number. We are sorry for this delay.

Bible Camps will soon be in session. Then too, our District Convention of the Young People's Luther League, will be held in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, July 16-19, 1942. Pastor A. E. Hanson, International Y.P.L.L. president will be our guest speaker. A complete program will be printed in the first July number of the Shepherd. May the convention theme: "Onward Christian Soldiers" inspire a closer walk with God. Pray for our conventions and Bible camps.
—V.

Edmonton Circuit Meeting

The Edmonton Circuit met at Thronhjelm Church, near Round Hill, Alta. Rev. A. M. Vinge's parish May 31st and June 1st. The theme for the convention was, "Walking with God," based on the epistle text for that Sunday, I. John 3:1-10 with the following divisions:

1. The Source of Sonship, Rev. Theodore Bergee.
2. The Walk of Sonship, Rev. A. M. Vinge.
3. The Consummation of Sonship, Rev. J. B. Stolee.

It was a great encouragement and blessing to have a number besides the pastors to take part in the program. Mr. Martin Knudson of Ryley brought the message the last evening. We appreciated too, to have members of the Holte family, formerly of Amisk, now of the Ryley parish, with us. Truly it was good to be together to enjoy the fine fellowship, to hear the preaching of the Word together with the prayers, testimonies and songs.

An important decision was made in voting \$25.00 for the support of evangelistic work. This money was sent to the treasurer of the evangelistic committee, together with the request that it be used in Edmonon Circuit.
J. B. Stolee, Secretary.

Festive Days at St. Joseph's Congregation at Hay Lakes

May 30 to 31 proved to become festive days for the St. Joseph's congregation by Hay Lakes, S. J. Rude, pastor. This was to be the Camrose Circuit spring Rally, but due to the refreshing rains the meeting did not start till Saturday morning. Only Rev. K. O. Kandal, besides the local pastor served as speakers on Saturday. Many local people met up, dinner was served, and a blessed day of fellowship was enjoyed by all present. The evening session was well attended.

Sunday was a most perfect day. Even nature itself clapped its hands for joy, and reflected God's goodness. Almost every family belonging to the Armena call was represented at the St. Joseph church which became packed to the limit both in the morning and in the evening. Pastor Kandal preached the sermon in Norwegian, and the local pastor, assisted by pastor Lars Knutson (Just ordained), administered the sacraments. Besides some local talent singing was provided by the Hanson sisters from Edmonton. The special feature of the afternoon was the dedication of the pulpit and altar and the rendering of several splendid musical selections by the Scandia Junior choir under the direction of Miss Palma Lomnes. Pastor Knutson also spoke; a substantial offering was lifted for the Circuit.

This church has undergone quite a renovation this spring: The floor has been oiled, a platform built, walls trimmed and painted, all furniture varnished, pulpit, altar and altar built. The interior of the church appears church-like, and it was a pleasure for the people to gather in the new, pleasant, churchly surroundings. Long will the blessed memories of the day remain with the group at St. Joseph.
S. J. Rude.

A Teacher's Morning Prayer

They come with smiling faces turned to me,
These children that are mine to guide and share.
I pray, dear God, that they in me might see
The traits of Him who taught with tender care.—Alice Elody Brederson.

A Mother's Prayer

God, give me strength to do my work
Each day with love for Thee,
That I may share while I am here
A life more full and free.
—Ingeborg Stensvold Strand.

Beklag dig ikke over falskhet som du mener aa opdage hos andre, før du innfor Guds ords spell har ransaket ditt eget forhold overfor næsten.

DA VEKKELSEN KOM

Av Lars Rustbøle.

Halvor og Nils Torsvik var paa hjemveien fra Baklia hvor de hadde hugget tømmer. I tre uker hadde de vært borte, nu skulde de hjem til konerne sine for at proviantere. Det var alt begyndt at mørkne da de satte utover Torsviklia saa snespruten stod om skierne. For hver gang de kom til en lysning i skogen, saa de et glimt av to smaa lysende punkter. Det var lamperne paa den ene Torsvikgaarden som var tændt.

"Det lyser baade i stua og kammeret dit," sa Nils. "Hu Kari venter dig vist heim ikveld, ser det ut til."

Halvor smilte, men i grunden syntes han det var rart at kona hans ødslet med parafinen. —

Endelig naadde de frem til stueveggen.

"Hør, dei syng der inde!" Nils bet av en skraa og rakte tobakrullen til grannen sin.

"Hm —, eg synes høre musik, au!" Halvor stod paa taa for at se ind gjennem den halvt tilfrosne vindusrute. "Det stend ein tynd man og klonkar paa ei uhorveleg stor fele," la han til. Nu var han plutselig blitt ildrød i ansiktet, og den haarde, krokete arbeidsnæven grep et fastere tak om skistaven.

"Det er ingen fele, det er ein gitar. Det er eit slikt instrument som 'rallarne' plar ha med seg," svarte Nils. "Eg ser det sitt mykje folk i stova di, det maa plent vera forsamling der." Han huket sig ned kroket av latter. "Rallarne" var bygdenavnet paa lægprædikanter. Nils vidste at Halvor var gal paa læserne, og det moret ham kostelig at se hvor eitrande sint han blev.

Halvor presset munden først haardt sammen, saa sa han: "Jamen trur eg ikkje at det er kommen ein 'rallar' hit. Eg kan ikkje skjønne at hu Kari tør slippe ind saant pak." Han dirret i stemmen av sinne, for nu kom han i hu at det var vækkelse sør i bygda. Han hadde snakket med søsteren sin for en maaned siden. Hun var blitt rent rar — —. Hun snakket bare om gudelige ting, og manden hendes var ogsaa blitt rar. De sang og bad akkurat som de skulde ha betaling for det. Han hadde fortalt om dette til handelsmanden, og han hadde sagt at de holdt paa at bli tullede alle ihop. Det var farlig at gaa paa disse vækkelsesmøterne for kvindfolka, hadde han sagt. Kona hans fik ikke sette sine ben der.

Jo mere Halvor tænkte paa dette, jo sintere blev han. "Er fanten kommen ind, er eg mand til at faa han ut att eg. Dette skal ikkje hende meir i mit hus." Han slængte skreppe fra sig, sparket til skierne, saa de blev staaende paa ende i snefonna.

Nils stod hele tiden og smilte. Han saa ned mot stuebygningen sin. Det var mørkt der. Helga hadde vist tat sig en blund for at spare paa lampeoljen. Hun trængte ogsaa at hvile lidt, stakkar, for hun slet sig vel mest ihjel i julestrida, alene som hun var baade inde og i fjøset—. Det var andet til kone han hadde end Halvor. Helga vilde nok ikke aapne døren for preikarar, hun —. Han begyndte at ski bortover. "Eg lyt nok gaa eg Det ser ut som kona mi venter med at tænde lampen til eg kjem —."

Det gik et haardt trek over ansiktet til Halvor, da han takket for samværet og labbet op svaltrappen.

Kari kom smilende imot ham. "Sit ned so lange," hvisket hun. "Det vert snart mat at faa."

Halvor svarte med et langt kremt som hørtos lik en brummen i stilheten. Han saa hvast bort til manden ved bordet, og slængte sig ned paa en stol ved siden av kona si.

Jamen var ikke lærerfrua der og. Og paa en bænk ved skapet sat gamle Sjur Toverud med begge døtrene sine. Halvor gjemte øinene med haanden og lot blikket gli videre mellom fingrene. Det var rart at Toveruden gik paa møter. Han pleide bare være i kirken, han. Like ved siden av sat Hans Baarnes. Det var han som hadde sagt i begravelsen efter Ola Flatum, at de burde nekte "rallarne" husly. Halvor bøide sig fremover for at se ind i kammeret, og der — — — der sat baade han-

delsmanden og kona hans! Nei, maken skulde du aldri ha set! Var hele grenda blitt tullede paa disse tre vekene han hadde vært borte? — Han maatte flytte lidt paa stolen for at se bedre. Jamen sat ikke Helga hans Nils der ogsaa. Hun hadde bøgge ungerne med sig. Nu begyndte Halvor at gotte sig, hun var ikke likere grannekona end hans egen Kari —. Han maatte snu sig, det sutret og graat ved siden av ham. Det var Kari som sat og smaahikset. Hvad kunde det være som tyngtet hende mon tro? Stakkar, det lot til at være ilde med hende. Halvor fik vondt av kona si, og hvisket det ømmeste han kunde: "Er du sjuk?" Det kom ikke noe svar. Han begyndte at bli fælen, det maatte ha hændt noget mens han var borte. Kari pleide ikke ha let for at graate. Hun var sterk som en bjørn. Hver gang hun tørket øinene, snudde Halvor sig, og til slut maatte han til at hviske igjen: "Er det noget galt?"

"Hysj, du Halvor, du Halvor. Du er kald som is for Guds ord, veit du ikkje at det er over meg sjøl eg gret. Eg er ein stor syndar eg." — — —

"Er du ein syndar? Har du gjort noko galt da?" Halvor begyndte at kaldsvette.

Det blev bønnemøte paa Torsvik den kvelden. Det var mange som overgav sig til Gud deriblandt Halvors hustru. Da det til slut blev spurt om nogen vilde ha møte næste kveld, reiste Helga sig op sa at da maatte de komme til hende, for nu var manden hendes kommen hjem, og han trængte at høre et Guds ord før han reiste bort i Baklia igjen.

Halvor holdt paa at falde av stolen. Skulde det virkelig bli møte hos Nils ogsaa. Dette var det rareste han hadde hørt paa længe; og dit vilde han gaa. Det skulde bli snodig at se hvordan grannen tok det — —.

Prædikanten reiste sig og takket for møtet. "Gud versigne dig. Det er store ting skjedd her ikveld," sa han og trykket Halvors haand til farvel.

"Dette har vært en gild stund," sa Sjur, han nikket fornoiet da han gik.

"Gud er god, han tar imot syndere!" Det var handelsmanden som kom for at si adjø.

Halvor stod og maapte.

"Jeg har kjempet længe," fortsatte handelsmanden, "men igaar kveld blev Gud mig for sterk. Du kan tro det er herlig at være frelst."

"Er du fre-e-e-lst?" Det gik rundt for Halvor. Det var bare glade ansikter at se, og de han trodde var imot, de var blitt med.

To dager senere var Nils og Halvor igjen paa vei til Baklia. Skrepperne var fylldt med niste, og i den til Halvor laa en husbibel. Kari hadde bedt ham saa inderlig om at ta den med. Han trængte lidt aandelig niste ogsaa, hadde hun sagt. Han vilde ikke bedrove hende ved at si nei. Hun var blitt saa ydmyg, snild og god, syntes han. Han hadde nok forsøkt at skjænde paa hende fordi hun hadde aapnet huset til møte, men da hadde hun tat ham om halssens og set saa ømt paa ham at isen smeltet med en gang. "Kjære Halvor!" hadde hun sagt. "Du faar meg aldri til at stenge huset for Jesus, for faar du stenge det for meg —."

Halvor orket ikke at staa imot.

"Du faar gjere som du syns," hadde han svart. "Naar handelsmanden kan være med paa det, saa kan vel me og." Mere blev det ikke sagt om dette.

"Hvad synes du om vækkelsen?" spurte Nils da de hadde gaat et stykke.

"Dei kan si hvad dei vil. Kari har i hvert fall blitt hundre procent bedre hu," svarte Halvor.

"Helga er ogsaa blitt rar," fortsatte Nils.

"Rar? var det rar du sa?"

"Hu er blitt snild og god, og det berre paa ein par kveldar, det maa eg vel kalle rart," svarte Nils.

De gik længe tause, til slut standset Halvor og saa paa grannen sin. "Eg tykkjer det er noko i lufta som dreg ein til at tenkja paa livet etter dauden."

"Slik kjenner eg det og," svarte den andre.
"Solopgang."

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Andet Nr. i Juni, 1942

3. søndag efter trefoldighet.

HAN HAR INGEN Å MISTE

Ev. Luk. 15, 1 ff.

Av professor Olaf Moe
(Bymissionaren Oslo)

Den forrige søndags evangelium lærte oss at Gud vil ha sitt hus fullt, og at det ikke er avgjørende hvem der kommer. Hedninger er likesaa gode som jøder. Teksten paa 3. søndag etter trefoldighet viser oss den annen side av saken: hvilket verd den enkelte sjel har for Gud. Han har ingen aa miste!

Dette illustrerer Jesus ved de to lignelser, lignelsen om det tapte faar og lignelsen om den tapte penge. I det første tilfelle dreier det sig om en av hundre, i det annet om en av ti. Men i begge tilfeller ser vi at eiermannen ikke orker aa miste den ene, men gjør alt hvad han kan for aa gjenfinne det tapte og gleder sig mer over aa finne det igjen enn over alt det andre han eier.

*

Naar en mann eier hundre faar og mister ett av dem, da betyr dette ene ikke et saa stort økonomisk tap at han av den grunn skulde ville forlate de ni og nitti i ørkenen for aa lete etter dette ene. Men mannen er glad i alle sine faar, hvert eneste ett av dem ligger ham slik paa hjerte at han ynkes inderlig over det som forviller sig. Han kan ikke taale tanken paa at det skal forkomme i sin elendighet. Slik er det ogsaa med Gud: ett menneske fra eller til betyr ikke noe innenfor menneskemengden, han kan jo skape et nytt istedenfor det som gaar til grunne. Men det vidunderlige er at Gud elsker ethvert menneske slik at han ikke vil at noen skal fortapes, og han ynkes inderlig over dig dersom du er kommet bort fra ham, saa han ved sin sønn og ved sin aand gaar efter dig med en utrettelig søkende kjærlighet, og saa blir der den største glede hos hans engler dersom han finner dig igjen.

Saa tro da ikke at din sjels frelse er Gud likegyldig! Fortvil ikke over din elendighet, men la dig finne og la dig frelse! Gud er trofast og barmhjertig, saa han forlater dig alle dine synder naar du bekjenner dem for ham!

*

Men Gud ikke bare ynkes over dig. Han elsker dig. Kjærligheten adskiller sig fra barmhjertigheten derved at dens gjestand har et høit verd i den elskendes øine. Det er dette Jesus vil uttrykke i den annen lignelse. For en kvinne som kun har eid ti penge har den ene tapte virkelig noe aa bety rent økonomisk. Naar hun tender lys og finner huset for aa finne den, da er det fordi det bortkomne pengestykke har et stort verd for henne. Et menneske er skapt i Guds billede, og når det derfor kommer bort fra Gud, da føler han ikke bare mednyk over dets elendighet, men han elsker det fordi det bærer hans guddommelige preg. Derfor gjør han alt for aa finne og vinne det igjen, og derfor er gleden i himmelen saa stor naar det blir frelst.

Naar Gud akter dig saa høit, vil du da selv akte dig mindre? Vil du gaa fortapt istedenfor aa la dig frelse? Gud har ingen aa miste; saa la dig finne av ham mens det enn er tid!

Sorg over kjæres bortgang er i sig selv ikke synd, for savnet er kjærlighetens refleks i sjelens rørte vann. Men det er lett aa la sig friste til synd i sorg. Derfor maa en sørgende be meget, flittig høre og lese Ordet, søke til Herrens bord. Man skal nemlig ikke dyrke sorgen, men dyrke Gud midt i sin sorg.

En reiseoplevelse

Den kjendte prædikant, Johannes Daasvand, har skrevet følgende for "Evangelisten":

Det var tidlig en morgen, mens jeg var kretssekretær i Trøndelag. Jeg skulde reise med toget fra Trondheim og indover svenskegrænsen. Jeg var sent oppe og maatte gaa paa toget uten at faa mig frokost. I farten fik jeg med nogen skiver brød. "Nu gjælder det at finde en kupe hvor jeg kan være alene, saa jeg kan faa spise i ro, hvile lidt og forberede mig til møtet senere idag," tænkte jeg. I den første kupe jeg kikket ind i sat der en mand som virket helt frastotende. Ukjennet var han og skitten. Materien randt fra øinene, og i ansiktet hadde han flere stygge saar. — "Uff — nei i den kupeen gaar jeg ikke ind," tænkte jeg — gik forbi og skulde just gaa ind i en ledig — lidt lenger borte i vognen. Da med et var det som en stemme hvisket til mig med guddommelig myndighet: "Hvorfor gik du forbi den første kupe? Vilde Jesus gaat forbi? Er du for god til at sitte sammen med en som Jesus døde for paa korset? End om han trænget netop din hjelp baade legemlig og aandelig!" Det blev kamp inde i mig. Den endte med at jeg — lidt uvillig — gik ind til manden og satte mig like overfor ham. Han luktet skrækelig. Jeg bad til Gud om Jesu sindelag. — "Er De sulten?" spør jeg og ser venlig paa ham. Jeg hadde nu faat svar paa min bøn. Jeg elsket denne stakkar. Det var Kristus i mig som gjorde det. — Jo, han var skrubsulten — hadde ikke spist paa lang tid. Jeg gav ham min mat, og jeg har vist aldrig kjendt mig mer lykkelig ved at gi. Han aat med glupende appetit. Nu hadde jeg vundet ham. Jeg saa hvordan han aapnet sin sjæl for mig og det budskap som jeg forkyndte ham. Han var svensk lap. Guds ord hadde han ikke hørt siden han var liten, og da meget sparsommelig. Vi sat længe og talte sammen. Det var saa let at tale til ham om at Jesus elsket ham. Jeg kjendte mig rent inspirert. Det var som himmelen var kommet ned. Og da vi skiltes, graat vi begge. Nu skulde jeg gjerne omfavnet ham. Han var jo et av de tapte lam som den gode hyrde leter efter. Jeg tror at jeg skal møte ham igjen hos Gud.

Et ord fra den gamle bok ringet for mig da jeg gik fra ham: "Red dem som hentes til døden, og de som vakler hen for at dræpes, maatte du dog holde dem i live."

De fire aastider

Av P. G. Pettersen.

HØST

Fuglelil paa birkegren
sitter der og synger.
Gjemt bag vingen er dens ben,
ingen sang den synger.
Høstens kolde storm og regn
rusker i hvert løv og hegn.
Op om birken, markens sten,
visnende blade dynger.

VINTER

Fuglelil paa birkegren
sitter der og gynger;
Sneen dækker hver en sten,
paa hvert blad den tynger.
Bækken gjennom mark og eng
redet, har sin vinterseng.
"Kommer ikke vaar igjen?"
Fuglelil vemodsfult synger.

VAAR

Fuglelil paa birkekvist
sitter der og gynger.
Solen frem fra skyen hist
varme straal slynger.
Sneen smelter, bakkens tvang
løsnet er for denne gang.

TRANGE TIDER

Af Biskop Eivind Berggrav.

En Gang for mange Aar siden talte jeg med en Mand, jeg havde Tillid til, som sad med en knust Lykke, en helt ribbet Mand. Jeg var ubevidst halvt irritert over, at han ikke gik i Rette med Gud.

"Jeg forstaar ingen Ting," siger han. "Tænker jeg paa Meningen med det, som er overgaaet mig, ser jeg bare den sorte, iskolde Nat foran mig. Men jeg kan bede. Jeg kan gaa midt i dette tætte Mørke og ligesom række min Haand ud og spørge: Er du her? Jeg er ikke let at narre, for jeg har prøvet alt mellem Himmel og Jord, og overtroisk er jeg ikke.

Men paa saadant et Nødtraa faar jeg Svar. Det er ikke godt at sige, men hvordan det nu er eller ikke er, saa gik han nu en Gang her paa denne sorte Jord, han, som sagde, at Gud var Kærlighed. Det er saa let at snakke. Men jeg synes, at den Mand er saa troværdig. Synes De ikke selv det samme, begriber Der mig ikke? Jeg for min Del er bleven sikker paa ham. Jeg er undertiden gaaet løs paa ham i Raseri, men han er den samme. Jeg tror ganske simpelt, at han er Budskabet fra Gud, Guds Søn, som de siger. En Spurv, som falder til Jorden — det passer paa mig. Og fordi han siger, at hans Fader er med i alt dette og har Hjertelag for saadan en Spurv, ja saa synes jeg, at der er Svar til mig i det store Mørke.

Ofte har jeg tænkt: Det er maaske kun Føleri og tom Trøst. Hvis nogen kalder det saadan, kan jeg ikke modbevise ham. Men Faktum er, at jeg har levet saadan gennem mange Aar nu, og De maa ikke tro, at det er blevet svagere for mig — tværtimod. Nu kan de gjerne slippe at Verdens Batallioner af Fornægtelse løs paa mig. De er ikke værre end mine egne Tanker i mange Aar. Det er prøvet som i Ild, det, jeg her siger. Han er kærlig trods alt, den Fader, som Sønnen har vist mig. Jeg har overgivet mig til ham. Jeg tror paa ham midt i det store Mørke. Tro ikke, at jeg er en mærkelig Mand. Det mærkelige er ikke mig, men ham.

Og saa dette, at det har vist sig om og om igen, at det holder Det meningsløst onde i mit Liv faar Svar fra noget andet, som er ligesaa meningsløst, men herligt: at der findes en Fader, og at det gaar an at tro paa ham, naar man ærligt giver sig i Kast med ham. Det var meget, som ramlede for mig; men jeg havde ikke troet, at det meste alligevel var i Behold. Det meste, det er at leve, som jeg lever nu. Med Ham."

Herlige dag.

O, du underfulde dag,
Naar jeg frelst i himlen lander.
Kors og trængsel ligger bag,
Jeg min røst i lovsang blander.

O, du underfulde lykke!
Evig løst fra syndens magt!
Livsens krone skal mig smykke,
Helgenskrud i himmelpragt.

Er jeg først bak portens bue—
Størst av alt det blir forvist,
At hans aasyn faa beskue—
Frelseren den Herre Krist.

Skulde jeg saa ikke længes
Til det ny Jerusalem,
Naar i verden tidt jeg trænges;
Thi der er mit rette hjem.
Adolf Duna.

"Vaaren kommen er forvist!"
Fuglelil jublende synger.

SOMMER

Fuglelil paa birkegren
sitter der og gynger.
Hopper saa fra sten til sten,
ingen sorg den tynger.
Sommeren med solskinsbad
kommen er; saa glad, saa glad
mot himmelen i luft saa ren.
Fuglelil frydefuldt svinger.

Minneapolis, Minn.

JOHN HONNERUD 79 AAR

Søndag den syttende Mai eftermiddag samledes kvinder og mend i Lunner menigheds kirke, Southey, Sask. og derfra til Hr. Honneruds hjem for at gratulere ham med dagen, og takke ham for hvad han har gjort for dette nabolag.

Hr. Honnerud var i de Forenede Stater i flere aar. Han reiste til Norge og kom igjen sammen med sin bror Hr. Hans Korsrud for 39 aar siden. Korsruds hadde seks barn som nu, efter foreldrenes død, har tat sin plads i menighets arbeidet. E har virket baade for hjem og kirke paa en trofast maate. Foreldrene fik bygget kirken paa sit land medens de levet.

Naar dette skrives kommer i sinde hvad Formand Hoyme sa: Bygge vi hjem i fremmed land Kirken vi med os dog have Lad os da holde vel istand fedrenes kostbare gave. Bygge vi vil paa sandheds grund, for vore barn til sidste stund Kirken som aldrig skal rykkes.

Naar forsamlingen var kommet i ro i Hr. Honneruds rummelige hjem sang ungdommen: "Mere om Jesus." Pastor Urness, menighetens prest lesteleste 1. Kor. 15:58. Han talte over dette vers og ønsket Herrens velsignelse over geburdsdagbarnet, og at han maatte faa mange flere aar at leve.

Hr. Honnerud fik en gave fra Kvindeforeningen som han satte stor pris paa, og takket hjertelig for den, og for opmerksomheten som venner og naboer hadde vist ham. Der var sang av skolebarn og eldre. Soldaterne Overby og Rostad var hjemme paa kort besøg. Ungdomsföreningen gav dem et ny testamente hver, og Pastor Urness talte varmt of opbyggende til disse unge mend.

Forsamlingen resite sig og blev staaende da presten bad inderlig til Gud at ham maatte bevare disse unge med og føre dem vel hjem, naar seiren var vundet.

Presten og forsamlingen ba Herrens bøn tilsammen. Saa kom stunden da vi tilreisende maatte sig tak for os og gaa. —A. J. Fløtre.

Min Gud er du, mine Tider ere i din Haand. Salm. 31—15.

Jeg har hørt fortelle at nogle kristelig-sindende Venner engang sad sammen og talte om hvilket Ord i Sproget der vel var det beste, kjereste og dyrebareste. En av de Tilstedverende nevnte da først de ord om Gud, som jo betyder og er det gode, og mente, at intet ord kunde vere over dette i Himlen eller paa Jorden. En anden nevnte Ordet Immanuel, der jo betyder Gud med os. En tredje mente, at ordet Fader maatte komme med i betragtning han kunde ikke vite at nevne noget mere søt og dyrebart navn. En fjerde mindede om ordet Jesus, det er Frelser; uden dette vilde vi jo uden skaansel veret Fortabelsens Børn allesammen. Tilsist reiste en sig og sagde, at han vel fullt ut var enig i, at alle de nevnte ord i sig selv var saare høie og dyrebare faar det menneske, med mindre han kunde sette foran et vert av dem det lille, men vigtige Ord, "min", saa at det altsaa kunde hede: Min Gud, Min Imanuel 'Min Fader, og Min Jesus' og derfor mente han, at netop Ordet min i denne forbindelse var det beste Ord, der var at finde i vort Tungemaal.

Og nu, Venner lad os tage denne samtale til eftertanke. Hvad nytter det os vel, at vi ved og tror, at der oppe i Himlen er en Gud en Fader og en Frelser faar os Menneske Børn? Det vet og tror ogsaa Djævelen og skjælv; men hvad ingen Djævel kan det skulde vi kunne, nemlig med glade og tak sige Salmedigteren efter:

Jeg raaber Fader, Du er min,
Og jeg min Fader, jeg er din
Din Aand er min besegling paa
At jeg saaledes tale maa,
Ja selv og frem han bønner bær
At den faar dig er sød og kjaer.
Av en stille Stund —N. Fjeldheim.

How Is Your Luther League?

A. E. Hanson,

Our Guest speaker at the District Convention, Saskatoon, July 16-19, 1942.

"How's your Luther League?"

"Oh, not so good. I wish we could get some pep into the thing. It seems we are about to fold up. This Luther League work is an awful chore."

A conversation of this type is not entirely foreign to any one of us, and it would apply to most any League. Oh, surely, we have our better moments when all seems to be just wonderful, and we do have an inspired group for a few months; but much too often we hear the expression that Luther League work is really a chore.

A few years ago, in one of our large mid-west cities, a young man crawled out on the ledge of a hotel window some five stories up, and terrorized the crowd in the street by threatening to jump off and thereby end his miserable existence. Police hurried to the scene, firemen raised their long ladders, and everyone seemed anxious to do something to ward off the tragedy. Newspaper men were writing headlines, and their photographers were snapping pictures from all angles. Everybody was concerned, and from lip to lip went the question,

"Why does he want to kill himself? Why does he want to die?"

Something is wrong with a young man who wants to kill himself. Hundreds of years ago God asked a prophet to go to the people of Israel with this same question: "For why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Read carefully the words in Ezekiel 33: 11: "Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

The motto of the Luther League is familiar to us all, "To hold and to win young people for Christ." We want to help our young people to live that happy, complete life in the Savior; we do not want them to get out on the ledges of destruction. (And surely there are plenty of those!) When you think of Luther League work in that sense, can you call it a chore? Is that a work which has no zip in it, which is commonplace and uninteresting, which has lost its vitality?

In the philosophy of today human life is not worth much. Across the seas a young man's life means nothing if the state is at stake. Toss them in by the millions, push them off the pavements with machinery, and bury them in tractor-dug trenches. How far from that attitude are we in America right now? How far were we from it even in peace time? Shoot them down, run over them, set up agencies that will destroy them sooner or later! What is human life if men's selfish interests can be satisfied?

But with God, life is the issue. A human life is His most wonderful creation, and a human soul His most treasured possession. We speak and sing a lot about Calvary, but sometimes forget that the cross was raised by God in love for men's souls, and that it was Christ who said: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Luther Leaguers, if we love Christ, our work can never be a chore. With hundreds of our young men in the armed forces of our nation, we have the big job of keeping in touch with them, of praying for them, and of reminding them of the eternal gospel of life. Into their lives will come many a moment when they will be tempted to get out on the ledges of sin and take a real leap into the jaws of soul-death. And these ledges are so conveniently located. They are right on the main thoroughfares. But we will follow our boys with our

"Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come."

(Eccl. 12:1).

He who no longer is young can best see what the time of youth is, and what it has to give a person. The waning day often calls back memories of the break of morn.

The years of youth are beautiful. They are full of hope, poetry, and the desire to know life by experience. But they are also full of responsibility and danger. In youth the foundation is laid for our entire future. It is in youth that most people make their choices both for time and for eternity. One of the best pictures of what youth-life contains is a spring morning in one of our beautiful valleys when the sun rises over the mountain tops. The waterfall and the river are sounding a deep bass, the snow is melting, the hillsides are becoming green, life is bursting forth from the blackest loam, the flowers are unfolding, and a thousand tongues of birds are singing. The farmer plows, spreading fertilizer on the fields, harrows, and sows the grain. It is sowing time and growing time for evil and for good.

The time of youth is spring in our life. Then we have the good days of life because then we are to choose the direction that our life will take. Therefore there is no time in life so fitting for seeking God, as the years of youth. It is spring, there are decisions, it is seedtime, it is the time of growth and unfolding. That is the time that life sends down its roots.

It is wonderfully great to hear the Savior's call just at the sunrise of life. Who can tell the blessedness of those who accept the call of Christ in their youth!

Savior, while my heart is tender, I would yield that heart to Thee; Ah my powers to Thee surrender, Thine and only Thine to be. Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me, Let my youthful heart be Thine, Thy devoted servant make me, Fill my soul with life divine.

—Ludvig Hope.

ELECT YOUR DELEGATES

Article VI. Representation (District Constitution) Paragraph 1.

"Each society affiliated with this League may elect one delegate for each ten members or fraction thereof to represent it at the conventions of this league."

The District Convention of the Young People's Luther League will be held, God willing, in Saskatoon, July 16-19. Pray and plan to attend. Elect your delegates now. Pastor A. E. Hanson, International Luther League President, will be our guest speaker.

—V.

letters, and we will assist those who are in a position to get in direct touch with them. Yes, we will even get into these homes that are a bit lonely these days.

And then this home bunch of ours—these boys we scrap with on the way to school and yell our throats hoarse for when they are out on the basketball floor; these young girls, whom we often outwardly ignore but inwardly dream about—they get out on the ledges, too. And the home town has a lot of ledges where young souls have committed spiritual suicide. God wants these young people to live, to live with Him, to live abundantly in His Word and in His church. God wants them to have all the equipment needed in these days so that they can be, in the fullest sense of the word, soldiers of Christ! So—let's change the record...

"How's your Luther League?"

"Just top notch. Why, we have so much to do that we can never cover half of it! And the whole bunch is working just wonderfully. They are out to be not only physically fit, but spiritually secure. Say, why don't you come with us?"

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

A Religion of Four Letters

"There is a wide difference between your religion and mine," said a Christian lady to a friend one day when they were talking on religious matters. "Indeed," said he, "how is that?" "Your religion," she replied, "has only two letters in it, and mine has four."

It seems that this gentleman was one of that numerous class who are seeking to get to Heaven by their doings; by attention to ordinances and ceremonies; by what the Apostle in Hebrews 9 terms "dead works." But he did not understand about the "two letters" and the "four." "What do you mean," said he, "by two letters and four?" "Why," said the lady,

"Your religion is d-o, DO;
Mine is d-o-n-e, DONE."

This was all that passed. The lady took her leave; but her words remained and did their work in the soul of her friend—a revolutionary work verily. The entire current of his thoughts was changed. Do is one thing; done is quite another. The former is legalism; the latter is Christianity. It was a novel and very original mode of putting the Gospel; but it was just the mode for a legalist, and the Spirit of God used it in the conversion of this gentleman. When next he met his friend, he said to her, "Well, I can now say, with you, that my religion is d-o-n-e, DONE." He had learned to cast aside his deadly doings, and rest in the finished work of Christ. He was led to see that it was no longer a question of what he could do for God, but of what Christ had done for him. This settled everything. The four golden letters shone under the gaze of his emancipated soul, "d-o-n-e." Precious letters! Precious words! Who can tell the relief to a burdened heart when it discovers that all is done? What joy to know that what I have been toiling for, it may be for many a long year, was all done on the Cross. Christ has done all. He has put away sin, magnified the law and made it honourable, satisfied the claims of divine justice, vanquished Satan, taken the sting from death and the victory from the grave, glorified God in the very scene on which He had been dishonoured, and brought in everlasting righteousness. All this is wrapped up in these four golden letters, "d-o-n-e." Oh! who would not give up the two for the four? Who would not exchange the ceaseless "d-o" for the finished "d-o-n-e?"

What say you to this? What of your religion? Does it consist of two letters or four? Is it still "d-o" with you? or have you found your happy portion and rest in d-o-n-e? Christ said, "I have finished the work" (John 17:4), and you cannot therefore add your good works to one that is already finished. God has found all He wants in Christ, found it for us. Here lies the divine and eternal basis of peace. Christ has "made peace through the Blood of His Cross" (Col. 1:20). The heart of God is the blessed source from whence our eternal salvation flows; Christ's work is the righteous channel through which it flows; and the testimony of the Holy Ghost is the stable authority on which I receive it. Do think of it. Think deeply, think seriously, and may God's Spirit lead you, this moment, to cease from your own "d-o", and to rest in Christ's eternal "d-o-n-e."

—C.H.M. in Book Mission tract.

Cabri Parish Leagues Active

The Battrum and St. John's Luther Leagues have given to each of the young men from their communities who are serving in the armed forces a year's subscription

17th of May Festival

A record crowd of approximately 400 people were in attendance at a Festival celebrating Norway's Independence Day, Sunday May 17th at St. John's Lutheran Church (One mile north of Fosterton).

At 11 a.m. Divine Worship in Norwegian was conducted by the pastor K. A. Knutson of Cabri.

The four Ladies Aids and the Scandia Knitting Club of the Parish at noon served a very delicious lunch.

The afternoon program opened with the singing of "O Canada." Mr. Lars Horvey acted as chairman. The Cabri Brass Band under the direction of Mr. W. A. Stephenson assisted at the program with their fine music. Other numbers of the program were as follows: a Norwegian Paper read by Mr. Haukness of Hazel; reports from the Scandia Knitting Club of Cabri by Mrs. T. Horn and Mrs. Geo. Berg; two Norwegian and one English songs by the Massed Choir of 40 voices; and a talk by Pastor Knutson. The program closed with the singing of "God Save our King."

A collection of \$72.47 for Norwegian Relief was received. The success of this event was due to the cooperation and help of each one. A special thanks is due Mr. Stephenson and the members of his band.

Except for the Indians, each one in Canada have some foreign country from which they or their forefathers came. We honor our own forefathers by remembering the respective fatherlands. In doing so we are not disloyal to Canada. As citizens of this country, a land which has adopted you and sheltered you, has first right to our loyalty and support against any land or lands of our fathers should they turn aggressors.

Contributed.

District Convention Reminder

Our district Luther League secretary, Miss Myrtle Engelstad, reports that the line-up of speakers for our convention this summer at Saskatoon July 16-19 is fairly complete. It is expected that the program will be published in "Shepherd" prior to the convention.

In a recent letter Mr. O. E. Mossing, director of the Choral Union, expresses the hope that there will be a good turn-out of singers at the convention, and that these will come prepared through previous practice of the songs. These can be secured from the Choral Union secretary, Miss Aurora Johnson, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan. Mr. Mossing also requests that smaller vocal groups, as quartets, come prepared to furnish special numbers at the convention.

Will the present restrictions on travel reduce the attendance at our convention? It need not do so, if our young people make wise choices in their travelling this year. Gatherings such as our convention should rate very high when we decide what trips are necessary. It is not putting first things first to eliminate first from our driving those gatherings that center about the Word of God and the work of His kingdom.

to Lutheran Voice. These leagues are also writing monthly letters to the men.

These two leagues have had two exchange programs.

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